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ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

PARENTAL GOVERNMENT—

A PRIVILEGE TO YOUTH.

'Tis education forms the common mind ;
Juſt as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.

POPE.

FAMILIES are the nurſeries of ſocieties and ſtates. The trees, tranſplanted from them, into groves and orchards, continue to grow in the ſame direction, they had preciouſly taken. This conſideration leads the ſkilliful gardener to be peculiarly attentive to their growth in its firſt ſtages. He often and critically examines them ; roots out noxious weeds ; carefully prunes off uſeleſs branches ; and ſuffers not a ſingle ſhoot to remain, which is neither ornamental, nor valuable. Thus faithful parents watch over their tender offspring ; learn them early to ſubmit by checking the firſt ſigns of diſobedience ; and nip every opening vice in the bud.

The advantages, accruing to youth from ſubjection to parental authority, are ſo numerous, that it is difficult to determine, which had better be ſelected to impreſs the mind with the importance of the ſubject. Perſons never feel more capable of governing themſelves and providing for their own welfare, than from the age of fourteen to twenty one. Yet it is notoriouſly true, that, in no period of their exiſtence, are they ſo *completely* unqualified to act without reſtraint. There is no period, in which they have ſo *much* need of the counſel, advice and control of thoſe, who have paſſed this critical juncture. Leſs wiſdom and vigilance are neceſſary to preſerve the infant, than the youth, from danger and ruin. The reaſon is obvious. At this time of life, their ſprightly imaginations paint anticipated ſcenes of enjoyment in the moſt glowing colors; their paſſions ſtrong and vigorous are eaſily blown into a flame ; their thirſt for unbounded liberty is ardent ; and they vainly flatter themſelves, that if they were only freed from the ſubjugation of minority, they could gratify all their deſires. Their judgment being immature and their appetites for pleaſure inſatiable, they are expoſed to every ſpecies of exceſſive indulgence. To the great ſuſceptibility of impreſſion, we are chiefly to compute the eccentricities, indiſcretions and volatility of youth. Almoſt every object, being new, deeply affects them, and, by the force of novelty, they are allured into many irregularities. How vaſtly important, that they ſhould now have an experienced guardian to warn them of latent evils, by his friendly admonitions, and prohibit them, by his reaſonably ſtrict commands, from ruſhing into irretrievable infamy and diſgrace.

It is of unſpeakable conſequence to young perſons, that they have more reſtraints, than they are capable of impoſing on themſelves.—For ſuch is the ſtrength of their paſſions, that the feeble dawning of their own reaſon is by no means ſufficient to direct them. Their reaſon is like a moderate wind, which indeed blows in a right direction ; but their paſſions, like an impetuous torrent, drive them the contrary way.

Innumerable facts, in perfect concurrence with the moſt enlightened dictates of the underſtanding, evince the truth of the proverbial ſaying, that 'thoſe, who never knew how to obey, will never know how to govern.' Witneſs thoſe heads of families, who were never in a ſtate of ſubjection. They either govern their children and domeſtics with more than deſpotic tyranny, or grant them more than democratic liberty. Perſons, who have been educated in this way, or rather who never had any education, make wretched members of ſociety. "It is good for a man," ſays the prophet, "that he bear the yoke in his youth." This has been often verified by experience. In our journey through life, we meet with unavoidable diſappointments ; and frequently receive treatment not very congenial to our feelings. But perſons, who have never had their inclinations croſſed, nor their patience tried ; take *great* affronts at *ſmall* offences, and, conſidering them as inſupportable evils, they determine to ſeek redreſs. They murmer and rave, and not only diſturb the peace of their own houſes ; but keep up a perpetual clamor about a *mere nothing*, till the whole neighborhood becomes a *perfect Bedlam*.

☞ Parents ! theſe are demoralizing times. Infidelity prevails. Are not many of your ſons, leagued together for the purpoſe of proving the *Bible a forgery* and the *immortality* of the ſoul a *deluſion ?* Search faithfully and diligently into this matter ! ! That you may have a proper ſenſe of the importance of your duty, read attentively the third chapter of the firſt book of Samuel ; and be exhorted no longer to deprive your offspring of the precious privilege, good family government. Unleſs a general reformation ſpeedily take place, we have reaſon to fear the worſt of conſequences. For pure family democracy is of all kinds the moſt alarming.

Youth, be entreated never to reſiſt the lawful authority of your parental guardians. You ought always to be jealous of your own judgment, when it is oppoſed to the experience of riper years. Be cautious how you liſten to ſuch as entice you to diſobey. Beware of the faſcinating charms of *infidel philoſophy*. Her embrace is *fatal*. For, in the *awful* moment, when the ſweet, the conſolatory balm of religion is *moſt* needed, ſhe fills the fleſh of her votaries with thorns, and their *hearts* with barbed arrows.

DISCOS TANTALOS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

SICKENED at retroſpection, unſatisfied with preſent enjoyments and lured by the glittering baubles of futurity, man, the play-thing of fortune, the toyful offspring of hope and diſappointment, has dragged out a ſorrowful exiſtence ever ſince the infancy of time. That this has been the lot of our race, hiſtory ſufficiently proves ; that it ſtill is, our own experience and obſervation bear abundant teſtimony. How unruffled ſoever our paſt life may have been, I query whether one from a thouſand, were it poſſible, would recal his happieſt year, or month, or week, or even day, could he again taſte its enjoyments accompanied with its cares.

"*Man never is, but always to be bleſt.*"

Next week, next month, or next year proffers the fruition of all our hopes. Yeſterday proved faithleſs to our expectations, but tomorrow's fair promiſes make us forgetful of the paſt. We ſeem never to conſider that all our yeſterdays were once tomorrows, that they have all flattered and deceived us. Man's purſuit after happineſs reſembles the chaſe of a glow-worm, which we perceive ſparkling in the duſk at a diſtance and purſue, but having gained the place of diſcovery, it is not there, it has flown to a diſtance ; again it lightens, is again diſcovered and again purſued.—Happy is it for man, who ſeems bleſt with the faculty of reaſoning on moſt ſubjects, with propriety, that, in forming plans of future felicity, he is not himſelf. Could he reaſon upon this, from analogy and experience, as upon other ſubjects, drawing a picture of the future from a view of the paſt, he would ſicken and die.

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FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

BIOGRAPHY.

LUTHER THE REFORMER.

(Continued from page 66.)

LUTHER's reception at Worms was ſuch as might have ſatisfied the moſt eager cravings for earthly ſplendor and applauſe. The crowds, which flocked to behold this daring aſſerter of truth, were greater than thoſe, which attended the emperor's public entrance into the city.—His apartment was filled with perſonages of the higheſt diſtinction, and he received homage, more ſincere than birth, or princely elevation can command. Before the diet he appeared with decency and firmneſs. He readily acknowledged an exceſs of acrimony in his polemic writings, but refuſed to retract his opinions, unleſs convinced of their falſhood ; or to have them tried by any other rule than that of the word of God. Some of the eccleſiaſties, finding that neither threats, nor entreaties could prevail on him to abandon his reſolution, propoſed to puniſh him, while in their power, and,

at once, free the church from a growing and deſtructive hereſy. The diet, however, refuſed to comply with this unjuſt propoſal ; and Charles, unwilling to diſhonor the commencement of his adminiſtration by ſuch an ignoble action, permitted Luther to withdraw in ſafety.

Soon after he left the city, an edict was publiſhed by order of the emperor and diet, depriving him of all his privileges as a ſubject of the empire, and forbidding that any prince ſhould afford him protection. This ſevere decree was diſregarded. The emperor's attention was engroſſed by the commotions in Spain and Italy ; and the elector of Saxony exerted himſelf to preſerve the reformer. He ordered a company of horſemen to beſet Luther in the woods, through which he muſt paſs, on his return from Worms, and convey him to Wortburg, a ſtrong caſtle at a little diſtance. There he was ſupplied, by the elector, with every thing neceſſary, but the place of his retreat was concealed, till the ſtorm, which beat againſt him, had begun to ſubſide, and a change took place in the political ſyſtem of Europe.

In this aſylum, which he called his Patmos, he continued nine months, during which he employed all the energies of his mind in defence of his doctrines, and in the confutation of his adverſaries. He at length grew weary of his retirement and appeared publicly at Wittemburg. His firſt buſineſs, on coming abroad, was to cenſure ſome of his followers, who, actuated by a headlong zeal, had labored to aboliſh images, auricular confeſſion, and every other monument of popiſh worſhip.

Lutheraniſm was yet confined to Germany. It had not reached France ; and Henry VIII. of England, made ſeveral rigorous laws to prevent its invading his realm. He did more. He wrote a treatiſe againſt Luther's book 'Of the captivity of Babylon,' for which Pope Leo X. complimented his King-ſhip with the title of 'Defender of the Faith.'

Luther, though he had blamed the violent proceedings of his friends, was ſtill at open war with the pope and biſhops. He ſtrove to make the people deſpiſe their authority. He wrote againſt the Pope's bull, and againſt the 'order of biſhops.' In 1522, he ſent a letter to the aſſembly of the ſtates of Bohemia, aſſuring them that he was endeavoring to eſtabliſh their doctrines in Germany ; and beſought them not to reunite with the church of Rome. The ſame year he publiſhed a tranſlation of the New Teſtament in the German language. This tranſlation, though oppoſed by the arch duke of Auſtria and ſome other princes, was ſeveral times printed and had a general circulation. Luther, angry at this oppoſition of the princes, wrote a treatiſe 'Of the ſecular power,' in which he accuſes them of tyranny and impiety.

Hadrian VI. who ſucceeded Leo X. wrote to the diet of the empire, lamenting the ſpread of heretical principles, and exhorting them to ſtop their progreſs by puniſhing their author. The reſolution of the diet on this point was publiſhed, but had no effect in checking the triumphant Lutherans. In the year 1523, Luther wrote on a great variety of topics ; among which were the following—*The dignity and office of a ſupreme magiſtrate. On worſhipping the body of Chriſt in the euchariſt. The inſtitution of miniſters of the church. A form of ſaying maſs. An example of popiſh doctrine and divinity. And againſt the vows of virginity.* The laſt produced the greateſt effect ; for immediately after, nine nuns, among whom was Catharine de Bore, eloped from the nunery, and repaired to Wittemburg. The ſame year Luther canonized two of his followers, who were burnt at Bruſſels, and were the firſt who ſuffered martyrdom on his account. About the ſame time Hadrian VI. canonized Binno, who had been biſhop of Meiſſen. This, Luther imagined, was done to oppoſe him, and therefore wrote a piece with this odd title, *Againſt the new idol, and old devil ſet up at Meiſſen.*

In 1524 a diſpute commenced between Luther and the celebrated Eraſmus. The latter, often ſolicited to oppoſe the proteſtant doctrines, at length reluctantly yielded to the importunities of his friends, and choſe *free-will* for the ſubject of diſputation He wrote with moderation, and without perſonal reflections. Luther's anſwer was of an oppoſite complexion. He brought many uncandid, and perhaps groundleſs, accuſations againſt his opponent. He charged him, among other things, with coldneſs in religion, and of exhibiting ſentiments more philoſophical than chriſtian.

The ſame year Luther threw off his monaſtic robes, and ſoon after married to Catherine de Bore, who had a little before eſcaped from the nunnery. It is related, that he intended Catharine ſhould have been married to Glacius his fellow-miniſter ; but as ſhe diſliked Glacius, Luther concluded to take her himſelf.—This conduct of his was greatly cenſured by the catholics, and alſo by many of his friends ; and it even cauſed ſuch dejection in his own mind, that he was heard to ſay, "I hope my humiliation will rejoice the angels and vex the devils." He endeavored to account for his haſty marriage on principles of human prudence, but finding his arguments inſufficient, he had recourſe to a ſupernatural impulſe. We ſhall not decide whether there was any thing divine in the affair or not ; but it is certain Luther was very happy in the chains of matrimony ; for he ſays, in a letter, "My rib Kate deſires her compliments to you. She is well, and more agreeable, thank God, than I could have expected ; ſo that I would not change my poverty for the wealth of Cræſus."

After this Luther had little to do but contemplate the mighty work he had accompliſhed. And that a ſolitary monk ſhould emerge from the gloom of a cloiſter, and be able to give the church ſo rude a ſhock, that only another blow was wanting to demoliſh the whole fabric, was truly aſtoniſhing. The remainder of his life was ſpent in exhorting princes, ſtates and univerſities to confirm the reformation ; and in publiſhing ſuch writings as would encourage and aſſiſt them in doing it.

The emperor Charles ſtill wiſhed to cruſh the Lutheran cauſe. He menaced temporal puniſhments with his armies, while the ſovereign pontiff threatened eternal torments, by the thunder of his bulls and anathemas—but Luther cared for none of theſe things. His friend Melancthon was not thus indifferent. His mild ſpirit was often overwhelmed with ſorrow. He was deeply affected with that unchriſtian acrimony which was frequently diſplayed in party contention.

In February 1537, a religious aſſembly was held at Smalkald, to which Luther and Melancthon were called. Here the reformer was aſſailed by a violent diſorder, and his attendants deſpaired of his recovery. In this dangerous condition he reſolved to travel. His friends oppoſed ; but his reſolution prevailed, and the journey reſtored his health. While he was carried along he made his will, bequeathing his deteſtation of popery to his friends and brethren ; agreeably to what he had often ſaid, "I was the plague of popery in my life, and ſhall continue to be ſo in my death." The pope and court of Rome, finding the proteſtants were not to be vanquiſhed by force, began to employ ſtratagem. They aſſerted that Luther, though too raſh in his conduct, had not acted wholly without reaſon. They talked much of reform in their own church, and of appointing a council for that purpoſe.

Luther treated this farce as it deſerved. He at once unmaſked their whole deſign ; and to ridicule it, he cauſed a picture to be drawn, in which he repreſented the pope as ſeated on a lofty throne, ſurrounded by cardinals, all accommodated with foxes' tails, which ſeemed to evacuate, (as it is expreſſed,) upward and downward. This Luther placed oppoſite the title page of a book, written to expoſe the artifice, of ſuch as falſely pretended to purify themſelves from the errors and pollutions of popery.

Luther died in 1546. This year he was invited to his own country to aſſiſt the earls of Mansfeldt in ſettling ſome important buſineſs. He accepted the invitation, preached his laſt ſermon at Wittemburg and commenced his journey. When he entered the earls' territories, he was received by a hundred horſemen, and conducted in the moſt honorable manner to the place of his deſtination. He was then very ill, but thought he ſhould ſoon regain his health. He did not recover, but expired on the 18th of February, in the 63d year of his age. His body was incloſed in a leaden coffin, and conveyed to the church at Eiſleben, where a ſermon was delivered on the occaſion. The earls of Mansfeldt intended to have his body buried in their dominions, but the elector of Saxony inſiſted on its being returned to Wittemburg. It was returned and buried with perhaps greater pomp than was ever diſplayed at the interment of any other private man.—Princes, earls, nobles and a numberleſs multitude of people attended the obſequies, and Melancthon pronounced his funeral oration.

Luther, like other mortals, poſſeſſed a mixture of good and bad qualities. He was an important inſtrument in the hand of heaven for promoting the cauſe of religion ; but he often manifeſted a harſhneſs of temper, a deſire of revenge and an obſtinacy in opinion, which excite our aſtoniſhment rather than eſteem. His ſeverity was ſometimes ſoftened by the mild remarks of his coadjutor Melancthon. Theſe two characters were totally the reverſe of each

other. One was all meeknefs and affection; the other, boldnefs and perfeverance. One was a gentle ftream, that allures us to its banks, the other a rough torrent, that bears down all oppofition.

SELECTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

[*The following obfervations on "Buffon's Natural Hiftory" are extracted from a letter of Pope Clement XIV. to Prince San-Severo.*]

YOU will be enchanted, my Lord, with the undertaking of Monf. de Buffon, the French Academician, and with the volumes of that Author which have appeared. I know them only by the extracts that have been given from them, and they appear admirable. Yet I am forry that the Author of a Natural Hiftory fhould declare for a fyftem: It muft be a means of having many things which he advances doubted, and oblige him to combat all thofe who are not of his opinion. Befides, where he wanders from the book of Geneffis on the creation of the world, he has no fupport but paradoxes, or, at beft, hypotheffes.

Moffes, as an infpired Author, is the only one who could inftruct us in the formation and unfolding of the world. He is not an Epicurus, who has recourfe to atoms; a Lucretius, who believes matter to be eternal; a Spinofa, who admits a material God; a Defcartes, who prates about the laws of motion; but a Legiflator, who announces to all men without hefitation, without fear of being miftaken how the world was created. Nothing can be more fimple or more fublime than his opening: *In the beginning God created the Heaven and the Earth.* He could not fpeak more aflfuredly if he had been a fpectator; and by thefe words, mythology, fyftems, and abfurdities fhrink to nothing, and become mere chimeras in the eyes of reafon.

The man who does not perceive the truth in the relation of Moffes was not formed for the knowledge of it. Some people are conftantly attached to hypotheffes, without even the leaft probability, and yet are unwilling to believe what gives the higheft idea of the power and wifdom of God.

An eternal world offers a thoufand greater difficulties, than an eternal intelligence; and a co-eternal world is an abfurdity which cannot exift, becaufe nothing can be fo ancient as God himfelf. Not to mention that he is neceffary, and that the world is not neceffary; from what right fhall matter, a thing whofe exiftence is entirely contingent, whofe nature is abfolutely inert, pretend to the fame prerogatives with an all-powerful and immaterial fpirit? Thefe are extravagancies which could only be produced by a diftracted imagination, and prove the aftonifhing weaknefs of man when he will only hearken to himfelf.

The hiftory of Nature is a book fhut for all generations, if we do not perceive the exiftence of God, and his being a creator and preferver; for nothing can be more evident than his action. The Sun, all magnificent as he is, although adorned by different nations, has neither intelligence nor difcernment; and if his courfe is fo regular as never to be even for a moment interrupted, it is through the impulfe received from a Supreme agent, whofe orders he executes with the greateft punctuality.

Wherever we caft our eyes over the vaft extent of the univerfe, we fee the immenfity of a Being, before whom this world is as nothing, when the fmalleft work cannot exift without a Maker; it would be very extraordinary, if this world could have the privilege of owing its exiftence and its beauty to itfelf alone. Reafon digs frightful precipices for itfelf, when it hearkens only to the paffions and fenfes: and reafon without faith is to be pitied. All the academies of the univerfe may fancy fyftems on the creation of the world; but after all their refearches, all their conjectures, all their combinations, the multitudes of volumes, they will tell me much lefs than Moffes has told me in a fingle page; and will tell me things too, that are entirely deftitute of probability. Such is the difference between the man who fpeaks only from himfelf, and the man who is infpired.

The Eternal fmiles from on high at all thefe mad fyftems which fancifully arrange the world; fometimes making chance its parent, and fometimes fuppofing it to exift from eternity.

Some people love to perfuade themfelves that matter governs itfelf, and that there is no other deity; becaufe they well know that matter is ftupid and inactive, and therefore need not dread its effects; while the juftice of a God, who fees every thing, and weighs every thing, is dreadful to the finner.

Nothing can be more beautiful than the hiftory of Nature, when it is united to that of Religion. Nature is nothing without God; it produces every thing, vivifies every thing by his help. Without being any part of what compofes the univerfe, he is the movement, the fap, and the life of it. Let his activity ceafe, there will be no more activity in the elements, no more vegetation in plants, no more fpring in fecond caufes, no more revolutions of the planets. Eternal darknefs muft take the place of light, and the univerfe become its own grave.

The fame thing would happen to this world, were God Almighty to withdraw his hand, which happens to our bodies when all motion ceafes. They fall into duft, they are exhaled in fmoke, and it is not even known that they ever exifted.

If I had fufficient knowledge to undertake a hiftory of Nature, I would begin my work by difplaying the immenfe perfections of its Author; then treat of man as his maffer-piece; and fucceffively from fubftance to fubftance, from kind to kind, I would defcend to the fmalleft ant, and fhow in the leaft infect, as well as in the moft perfect angel, the fame wifdom fhining forth, and the fame Almighty hand employed.

A picture of this nature would neceffarily engage the lovers of Truth—and Religion herfelf, by whom the defign was traced out, would render it infinitely precious.

Let us never fpeak of the creatures, except to bring us nearer to our Creator; they are the reverberation of his never-failing light, and theie are ideas which either raife or debafe us; for man is never more diminutive nor more grand, than when he conliders himfelf in his relation to God. He then perceives an Infinite Being whofe image he is, and before whom he is but as an atom: two apparent contradictions, which muft be reconciled, to give a juft idea of ourfelves, that we may not run into the exceffes of the proud angels, nor into thofe of unbelievers, who level themfelves with the beafts that perifh.

[*The following important hiftorical fact is tranflated from one of the ancient Puranas of the Hindus, by Sir William Jones. It bears a ftriking refemblance to the fcripture account of Noah and his fons.*]

"To Satyavarman, that fovereign of the whole earth, were born three fons; the eldeft Sherma; then Charma; and thirdly Jyapeti by name; They were all men of good morals, excellent in virtue and vituous deeds, fkilled in the ufe of weapons to ftrike with or to be thrown, brave men, eager for victory in battle. But Stayavarman, being continually delighted with devout meditation, and feeing his fons fit for dominion, he laid upon them the burden of government, whilft he remained honouring and fatisfying the gods, and prieffs, and kind. One day by the act of deftiny, the king, having drunken mead, became fenfelefs, and lay afleep naked: then was he feen by Charma, and by him were his two brothers called, to whom he faid; what now has befallen? In what ftate is our fire? By thofe two was he hidden with clothes, and called to his fenfes again and again. Having recovered his intellect, and perfectly knowing what had paffed, he curfed Charma, faying; thou fhalt be the fervant of fervants; and fince thou waft a laughter in their prefence, from laughter thou fhalt acquire a name. Then he gave to Sherma the wide domain on the fouth of the fnowy mountains, and to Jyapeti he gave all on the north of the fnowy mountain; but he by the power of religious contemplation, attained fupreme blifs."

DIED,

In this place, on Thurfday laft, the Hon. ELIAS WARD, *Efq. aged 73. He went to bed in perfect health and was found dead in the morning.——We have no time nor inclination to heap eulogy on the dead; but it is our duty to fay, that the deceafed was a promoter of order in fociety, an obliging neighbor, a tender parent, an affectionate hufband, and a worthy father in the church. This vicinity, the friends of religion, and particularly his difconfolate relatives, muft deeply lament his fudden departure; but they have this confoling reflection, that he is freed from a world of perplexity and care, and gone where the "wicked ceafe from troubling and the weary are at reft."*

On Friday laft, Capt. JOSEPH WOODWARD, *in the 80th year of his age.*

At Lime, (N. H.) on the 4th inft. *Mr. Dan Shaw, jun.* fon of Col. Dan Shaw, in the 23d year of his age.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Nunc formosissimus annus.

VIRGIL.

NO more is heard the wintry ſtorm,
Fled are the murmurs of the north;
Nature aſſumes a lovelier form,
The beauties of the Spring peep forth.

Once more appears the ſky ſerene,
Enchanting muſic wakes around;
The meadows all are dreſt in green,
Vallies and hills with joy reſound.

With wonder views th' enraptur'd eye
The various ſcenes of flow'ry ſpring;
Here murm'ring rills meander by,
There verdant groves in concert ſing.

Now Sol a higher ſummit gains,
The bluſhing primroſe charms the ſight;
Fertility now crowns the plains,
And blooming orchards yield delight.

The air is fill'd with rich perfumes,
No cloud within th' horizon low'rs;
Each wood its native hue aſſumes,
Gardens unfold their various flow'rs.

Yet ſoon ſhall all theſe ſcenes be o'er,
The vernal flow'rs muſt quickly fade;
The bluſhing primroſe charm no more,
No more the lawn or verdant glade.

So beauty fades—Oh! then, ye Fair,
Since ſoon your charms muſt fade away,
Let Virtue be your conſtant care;
Virtue, that never can decay.

SELECTED POETRY.

Human paſſions prove the ſoul immortal.

(From Young's Night Thoughts.)

AMBITION's boundleſs appetite outſpeaks
The verdict of its ſhame. When ſouls take fire
At high preſumptions of their own deſert,
One age is poor applauſe: the mighty ſhout,
The thunder by the living few begun,
Late time muſt echo, worlds unborn reſound.
We wiſh our names eternally to live;
Wild dream! which ne'er had haunted human thought,
Had not our natures been eternal too.
Inſtinct points out an int'reſt in hereafter,
But our blind reaſon ſees not where it lies,
Or, ſeeing, gives the ſubſtance for the ſhade.
Fame is the ſhade of immortality,
And is itſelf a ſhadow: ſoon as caught,
Contemn'd, it ſhrinks to nothing in the graſp.
Conſult th' ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.
"And is this all?" cry'd Cæſar, at his height,
Diſguſted. This third proof ambition brings
Of immortality. The firſt in fame,
Obſerve him near, your envy will abate:
Sham'd at the diſproportion vaſt between
The paſſion and the purchaſe, he will ſigh
At ſuch ſucceſs, and bluſh at his renown.
And why? becauſe far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illuſtrious glory calls;
It calls in whiſpers, yet the deafeſt hear.
And can ambition a fourth proof ſupply?
It can, and ſtronger than the former three,
Yet quite o'erlook'd by ſome reputed wiſe.
Tho' diſappointments in ambition pain,
And tho' ſucceſs diſguſts, yet ſtill Lorenzo!
In vain we ſtrive to pluck it from our hearts,
By nature planted for the nobleſt ends.
Abſurd the fam'd advice to Pyrrhus giv'n,
More prais'd than ponder'd; ſpecious but unfound:
Sooner that hero's ſword the world had quell'd,
Than reaſon his ambition. Man muſt ſoar;
An obſtinate activity within,
An inſuppreſſive ſpring, will toſs him up
In ſpite of fortune's load. Not kings alone,
Each villager has his ambition too:
No ſultan prouder than his fetter'd ſlave.
Slaves build their little Babylons of ſtraw,
Echo the proud Aſſyrian in their hearts,
And cry,—'Behold the wonders of my might!'
And why? becauſe immortal as their lord;
And ſouls immortal muſt for ever heave
At ſomething great; the glitter or the gold;
The praiſe of mortals, or the praiſe of heav'n.

—o—

[*In the following lines may be found that ſimplicity of ſentiment and expreſſion, which are the peculiar characteriſtics of Scottiſh numbers.*]

O TELL ME HOW FOR TO WOO.

By HECTOR MACNEILL, *Eſq.*

OH! tell me, bonie young laſſie!
Oh tell me how for to woo!
Oh tell me, bonie ſweet laſſie!
Oh tell me how for to woo!
Say, maun I rooſe your cheeks like the morning?
Lips like the roſes freſh moiſten'd wi' dew?
Say, maun I rooſe your een's pawkie ſcorning?
Oh! tell me how for to woo!

Far hae I wander'd to ſee the dear laſſie!
Far hae I ventur'd acroſs the ſaut ſea!
Far hae I ventur'd owre moorland and mountain,
Houſeleſs, and weary, ſleep'd cauld on the lea!
Ne'er hae I tried yet to mak luve to onie;
For ne'er loo'd I onie till ance I loo'd you;
Now we're alane in the green-wood ſae bonie!
—Oh! tell me how for to woo!'

'What care I for you wand'ring, young laddie!
What care I for your croſſing the ſea!
It was na for naithing ye left poor young Peggy;
It was for my toucher ye cam to court me;—
Say, hae ye gowd to buſk me aye gawdie?
Ribbans, and perlins, and breaſt-knots enew?
A houſe that is canty, wi' walth in't my laddie?
Without this ye never need try for to woo.'

'I hae na gowd to buſk ye aye gawdie!
I canna buy ribbans and perlins, enew!
I've naithing to brag o', houſe or o' plenty!
I've little to gie but a heart that is true—
I cam na for tocher—I ne'er heard o' onie;
I never loo'd Peggy nor e'er brak my vow—
I've wander'd poor fool! for a face fauce as bonie!
—I little thought this was the way for to woo!'

'Hae na ye roos'd my cheeks like the morning!
Hae na ye roos'd my cherry-red mou!
Hae na ye come owre ſea, moor, and mountain,
What mair, Johnie, need ye to woo?
Far hae ye wander'd, I ken my dear laddie!
Now that ye've found me, there's na cauſe to rue;
Wi' health we'll hae plenty—I'll ne'er gang gawdie,
I ne'er wiſh'd for mair than a heart that is true.'

She hid her fair face in her true lover's boſom;
The ſaft tear o' tranſport fill'd ilk lover's ee;
The burnie ran ſweet by their ſide as they ſabbit,
And ſweet ſang the mavis aboon on the tree.
He claſp'd her, he preſs'd her, and ca'd her his hinny,
And aften he taſted her hinny-ſweet mou;
And ay 'tween ilk ſmack ſhe ſigh'd to her Johnie—
'Oh! laddie!—*weel* can ye woo!'

EXPLANATIONS.—*Maun ſignifies muſt. Een's, eyes. Pawkie, ſly. Toucher, marriage portion. Gowd, gold. Canty, merry. Fauce, falſe. Mou, mouth. Mair, more. Ilk, each. Burnie, rivulet.*

A FABLE.

THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.

IN other men we faults can ſpy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye,
Each little ſpeck and blemiſh find;
To our own ſtronger errors blind.
A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forſook the barn, and fought the wood;
Behind her ran an infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
"Draw near, My Birds! the Mother cries,
The hill delicious fare ſupplies;
Behold the buſy negroe race,
See millions blacken all the place!
Fear not; like me with freedom eat;
An Ant is moſt delightful meat.
How bleſs'd, how envy'd, were our life,
Could we but 'ſcape the poulterer's knife!
But man, curs'd man, on Turkeys preys,
And Chriſtmas ſhortens all our days.
Sometimes with oyſters we combine,
Sometimes aſſiſt the ſavoury chine;
From the low peaſant to the lord,
The Turkey ſmokes on every board.
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
Of the ſeven deadly ſins the worſt."
An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus anſwer'd from the neighbouring beech:
"Ere you remark another's ſin,
Bid thy own conſcience look within;
Control thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfaſt nations kill."

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